

## GC5, The "The Bottom Line"

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Coming out of the womb the world feels like a tomb

We're heavily indebted

From the cradle to the grave, we're always  
slaves

Always tugging at credit

See the misery and the poverty

And how they exacerbate it

While we're breakin' our backs tryin' to pay back

Loans made to dictators

And I don't know why we sacrifice our children

But it follows from your premises

They're just dollars and cents, they're just  
resources to expend

Somewhere there's a bottom line more important  
than yours

The financial vultures have built a culture

That pits us against our brothers

And we'll always bleed as long as greed

Can hide under freedom's cover

Their debt relief's a source of constant grief

To those who bear it's burden

While the money flows North more than back and forth

From the coffers of free trade  
servants

Little girl born in a cemetery

All around her is dead and buried

Born into a world devoid of hope

Little girl born in a cemetery

Knowing nothing of the burden she  
I carry

Your accounting owes her more than this

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